

[illegible]

NO 9
AUG.

Soldiers of FORTUNE

10¢

THRILLING
STORIES
of
RED-BLOODED
ADVENTURERS!



THROW UP YOUR HANDS!

and **CHEER** for a
**ONCE - IN - A -
LIFETIME
COMICS MAGAZINE!**

THE HOODED HORSEMAN

---A SLAMBANG, THRILL-A-
MINUTE WESTERN COMIC
THAT TOPS THEM ALL!



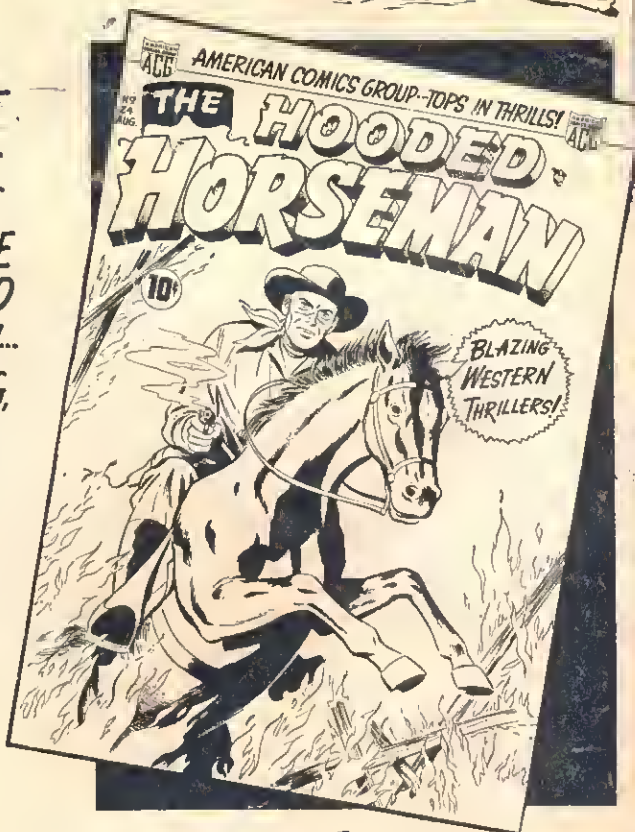
You'll **GASP AT**
FAST-SHOOTING, RED-
BLOODED GUNFIGHTERS
THAT PACK A POWERHOUSE
PUNCH...CHILL TO PAINTED
INJUNS ON THE WARPETH...
THRILL TO HARD-FIGHTING,
FAST-RIDING COWBOY
HEROES!

★ ★ ★

You've **NEVER** read a
western like this...
it's an action-packed
killer-diller! So...

don't miss

THE HOODED HORSEMAN!

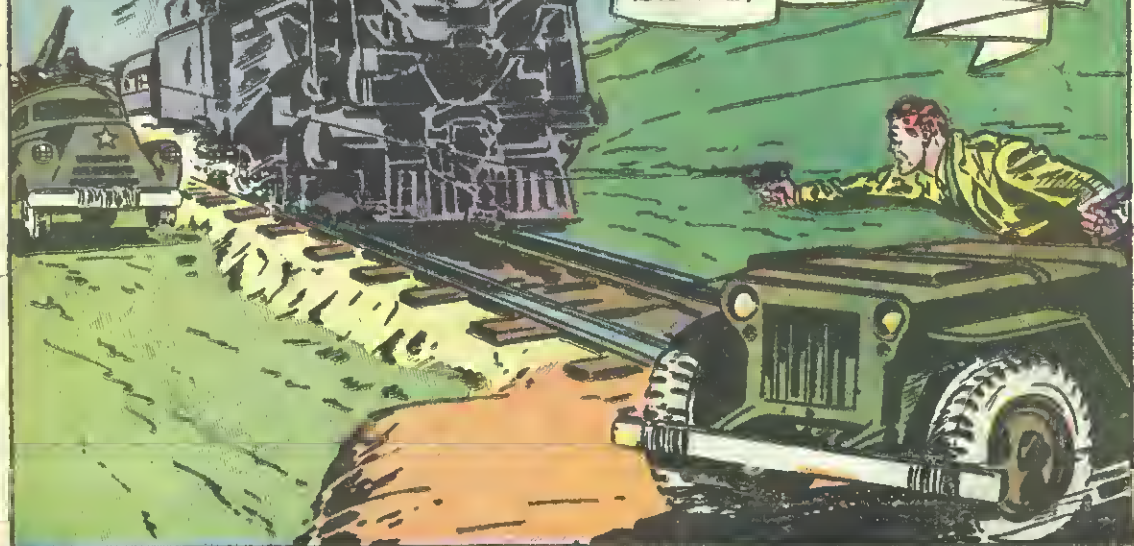


10¢ ON ALL
STANDS

Lance Larson,

SOLDIER of FORTUNE

THE RED OVERLORDS BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN MAY BE ABLE TO STAMP OUT DEMOCRACY—THEY MAY EVEN BOAST THEY CAN TELL MILLIONS OF PEOPLE WHAT TO THINK AND WHAT TO BELIEVE—BUT NO AMOUNT OF TYRANNY CAN EFFACE THE NAME OF **LANCE LARSON!** MANY VICTIMS OF COMMUNIST OPPRESSION KNOW HIM AS THE MAN OF A THOUSAND FACES—OTHERS REMEMBER HIS DARING FORAYS AS THE ONE-MAN ARMY—AND YOU'LL FIND HIM FILLING BOTH ROLES TO THE HILT IN THIS LATEST ADVENTURE!



AT THE CENTRAL RAILWAY STATION IN COMMUNIST-HELD PRAGUE—

LOOK! THAT MAN GETTING OFF THE BERLIN LIMITED—DO YOU RECOGNIZE HIM?

UNmistakably—HAVEN'T I BEEN TRYING TO GET OUR HANDS ON HIM FOR YEARS? HE'S LANCE LARSON!

IN THE NEXT INSTANT—



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BROTHER...WHAT A RECEPTION!
I KIND OF THOUGHT MY ARRIVAL
WOULD STIR UP A BIT OF
EXCITEMENT!

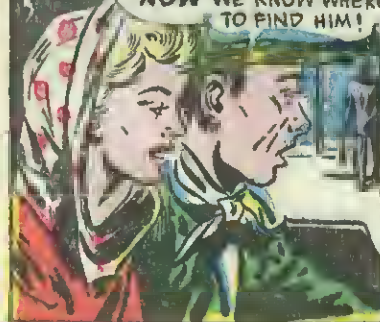


THIS VISIT'S OFFICIAL.
CHUM! EVERYTHING WAS
ARRANGED AT YOUR EMBASSY
...VISA...TRAIN TICKETS...
EVEN MY RESERVATION
AT THE HOTEL
SLAVIA!

IT'S INCREDIBLE...BUT
YOUR PAPERS SEEM
ENTIRELY IN ORDER!
YOU MAY PROCEED,
LARSON!

OUR AGENT IN BERLIN WAS RIGHT
ABOUT LANCE LARSON COMING TO
PRAGUE, FRANZ... BUT WE'VE TAKEN
A TERRIBLE RISK... COMING HERE
TO CHECK UP!

THE COMMUNISTS
WERE TOO TAKEN UP
WITH LARSON TO NOTICE
US! YES, WE TOOK A
CHANCE, VELMA...BUT
NOW WE KNOW WHERE
TO FIND HIM!



AN HOUR LATER...AT THE HOTEL BAR...

FUNNY HOW THINGS START! I WAS IN
CHINA WHEN I READ THAT AN AMERI-
CAN NEWSMAN...JIM ORMOND...HAD
BEEN ARRESTED BY THE CZECH
GOVERNMENT FOR ESPIONAGE!
SINCE THEN, OUR STATE DEPART-
MENT HAS RAISED CAIN ABOUT
IT...AND NOW THE REDS HAVE
COME UP WITH AN
AMAZING PROPOSI-
TION!



YEP, THEY SUGGESTED THAT AN
AMERICAN REPRESENTATIVE COME
TO PRAGUE...AND HEAR ORMOND
ADMIT HIS GUILT...PLUS MEDICAL
EVIDENCE THAT HE WASN'T
DRUGGED OR TORTURED WHEN
HE CONFESSED! I CAN'T BELIEVE
THEY'RE ON THE LEVEL...BUT IN
LITTLE MORE THAN AN HOUR

I'LL BE IN
ORMOND'S
CELL...
GETTING
THE
LOWDOWN!



OF COURSE, THERE IS A JOKER---FAR AS I'M
CONCERNED! MY SOLE MISSION IS TO INTER-
VIEW ORMOND...AND SINCE ANY ADVENTUROUS
SIDE JOBS WILL MEAN PUTTING HIM IN A
WORSE SPOT THAN BEFORE...I'VE GIVEN
MY WORD I WON'T MEDDLE IN
CZECH POLITICAL
AFFAIRS!



THE NAME'S BRUNO
ARVANY...IF YOU'LL
PARDON THE INTRO-
DUCTION! INTERESTED
IN AMERICAN JEWELRY
...OR MAYBE A TRUCK-
LOAD OF
WHISKY?

SORRY, BUD...I'M
NOT IN THE
MARKET!



I'M ALSO AVAILABLE FOR CONFIDENTIAL WORK...DUE TO MY CLOSE CONNECTIONS WITH THE LOCAL COMMUNIST COMMITTEE! ANYTHING IN THE LINE OF INFORMATION...FALSE PASSPORTS...IT CAN ALL BE ARRANGED!

LOOK, ARYANY... I DON'T LIKE BLACK MARKETEERS... I HATE INFORMERS...AND A COMBINATION OF BOTH TURNS MY STOMACH! NOW SCRAM!

A MOMENT LATER...

MR. LARGON... WE'VE GOT TO SEE YOU PRIVATELY! IT'S VITAL!

SOMETHING TELLS ME I SHOULD'VE USED ONE OF MY DISGUISES AFTER ALL... BUT COME ON... WE'LL GO TO MY ROOM!

IN LANCE'S SUITE...

FIRST... WE'D BETTER IDENTIFY OURSELVES! DO YOU RECOGNIZE THOSE CARDS?

YEP! YOU'RE MEMBERS OF THE **BOHEMIA CHORAL SOCIETY**...IN OTHER WORDS...**THE CZECH DEMOCRATIC UNDERGROUND!**

WE NEVER DREAMED WE'D FIND LANCE LARSON ENTERING A RED-DOMINATED COUNTRY **OPENLY**...BUT YOU'VE ARRIVED JUST IN TIME TO HELP US! DID YOU BRING YOUR MAKEUP KIT?

JUST AS A MATTER OF HABIT! BEFORE YOU GO ANY FURTHER...YOU'D BETTER KNOW I'M NOT WORKING AS **THE MAN OF A THOUSAND FACES** THIS TIME! THAT WAS A PROMISE...AND I'M GOING TO KEEP IT!

LANCE...PLEASE LISTEN! **WE'RE** THE ONES WHO WANT TO BE DISGUISED...AND WITH THE LIVES OF A WHOLE TRAIN LOAD OF PEOPLE AT STAKE...**IT MUST BE DONE BY AN EXPERT!**

I'M STICKING MY NECK OUT GOOD... BUT WHAT ABOUT THIS TRAIN?

I'M TRAIN DISPATCHER AT THE KARDLY RAILROAD YARD! WE'VE ARRANGED TO HAVE SIXTY POLITICAL SUSPECTS...INCLUDING VELMA AND MYSELF...ABOARD TONIGHT'S TEN O'CLOCK LOCAL! THE ENGINEER IS ONE OF OUR AGENTS...AND INSTEAD OF MAKING REGULAR STOPS...**THE TRAIN WILL KEEP GOING UNTIL IT CROSSES THE BORDER INTO FREE GERMANY!**

ONLY FRANZ AND MYSELF ARE KNOWN BY SIGHT TO THE RED SECRET SERVICE! THAT'S WHY WE'VE GOT TO BE DISGUISED...BECAUSE IF WE'RE TRAILED TO THAT TRAIN...**IT WILL BE A DEATH SENTENCE FOR EVERYONE ABOARD!**

WISH YOU TWO REALIZED WHAT I'M UP AGAINST! ORDINARILY, I WOULDN'T STOP AT DISGUISING YOU...I'D BE ON THAT TRAIN **MYSELF!** BUT I'VE TAKEN THIS MISSION IN GOOD FAITH...AND UNTIL IT'S FINISHED...**MY HANDS ARE TIED!**



YOU SPEAK OF GOOD FAITH IN DEALING WITH COMMUNISTS... YOU... WHO HAVE FOUGHT AGAINST EVERYTHING THEY STAND FOR? CAN'T YOU SEE THEY'LL PROMISE ANYTHING

WE'RE WASTING TIME! LARSON... GET OUT THAT MAKEUP KIT!

...AS LONG AS IT MEANS KEEPING YOU ON THE SIDE-LINES?



IT ISN'T OFTEN I CAN BE FORCED TO DO SOMETHING AT GUNPOINT... UNLESS IT'S SOMETHING I WANT TO DO!



SORRY ABOUT THIS, LANCE... BUT WE'RE DESPERATE!

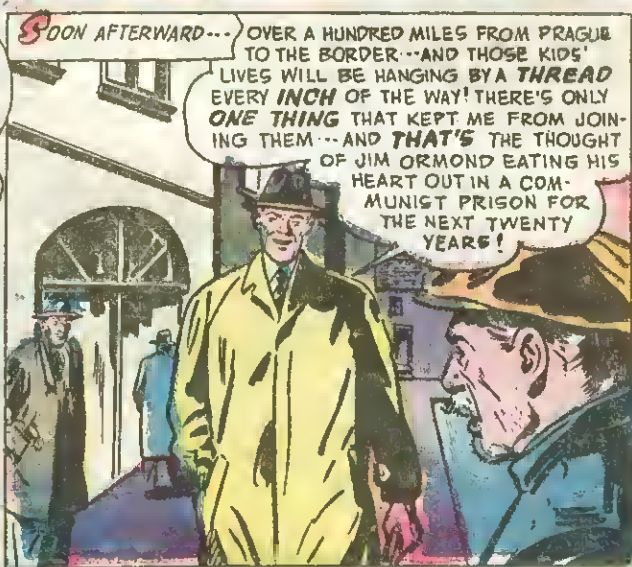
SKIP IT! I'M LETTING MYSELF BE PERSUADED... AND I ONLY HOPE JIM ORMOND DOESN'T PAY THE CONSEQUENCES!



MINUTES LATER...

LANCE... THERE'S NO USE TRYING TO THANK YOU NOW! MAYBE WE'LL MEET AGAIN... IN FREE GERMANY!

I'M DUE FOR AN APPOINTMENT... AND IT'LL BE RISKY IF WE'RE SEEN LEAVING TOGETHER! WATCH YOURSELVES... AND GOOD LUCK!



SOON AFTERWARD...

OVER A HUNDRED MILES FROM PRAGUE TO THE BORDER... AND THOSE KIDS' LIVES WILL BE HANGING BY A **THREAD** EVERY INCH OF THE WAY! THERE'S ONLY **ONE THING** THAT KEPT ME FROM JOINING THEM... AND **THAT'S** THE THOUGHT OF JIM ORMOND EATING HIS HEART OUT IN A COMMUNIST PRISON FOR THE NEXT TWENTY YEARS!



IN THE MINISTRY OF "JUSTICE"...

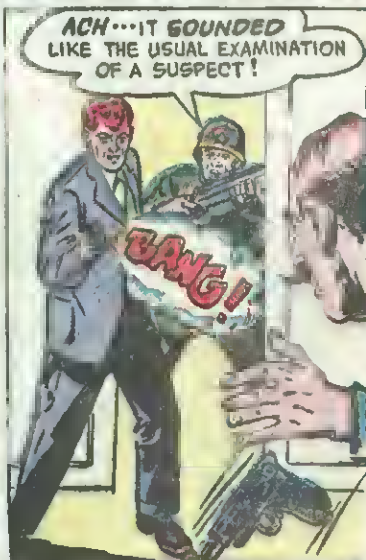
WE COMMUNISTS LIKE TO SETTLE THINGS IN A **CIVILIZED** WAY, MR. LARSON! THAT'S WHY I'M GLAD YOU'VE HAD A CHANCE TO SPEAK TO THIS NOTORIOUS ARCH-CRIMINAL, ORMOND... AND BE **CONVINCED** OF HIS **GUILT**!

NOT ME, COLONEL! I HAVEN'T EVEN SEEN ORMOND YET!



BUT OF COURSE YOU HAVE... REMEMBER?

SO **THAT'S** THE ANGLE... A **BRIBE**! YOU RATE NEVER HAD ANY INTENTION OF LETTING ORMOND TELL HIS STORY TO ANOTHER AMERICAN... YOU WERE JUST HOPING YOU COULD HIRE SOMEONE TO PEDDLE THOSE TRUMPED-UP CHARGES! GET WISE, BUD... YOU'RE DEALING WITH **AMERICANS**!



THERE'S ONE DETAIL YOU HAVEN'T COUNTED ON, BUD! DRUMOND HAD A HUNCH MONTHS AGO THAT HE MIGHT BE ARRESTED... AND HE ALSO SUSPECTED YOU'D TRY TO PALM OFF A FAKE INTERVIEW TO "PROVE" HIS GUILT! SO HE ARRANGED A **SECRET PASSWORD**... AND UNLESS IT'S INCLUDED IN ANY REPORT YOU FORCE ME TO WRITE... **WASHINGTON WILL KNOW IT'S STRICTLY PHONY!**

AND YOU THINK **THAT** WILL BE AN OBSTACLE, EH? I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU EXACTLY FIFTEEN MINUTES IN ORMOND'S CELL, LARSON... AND UNLESS I GET THAT PASSWORD, YOU'RE **BOTH** GOING TO DIE... **MESSILY!**



SOON AFTERWARD... AT THE GRIM PRISON RESERVED FOR POLITICAL CASES...

HE DOESN'T SEEM TO HAVE ANYTHING ELSE WORTH CONFISCATING! TAKE HIM TO ORMOND'S CELL... IN THE EAST WING!

GOOD THING I'VE MADE A PRACTICE OF STRAPPING MY MAKEUP KIT TO MY LEG! AND BEING CASUAL ABOUT THESE CIGARETTES HELPS A LOT, TOO!



PACING THROUGH THE CELL BLOCK, LANCE CAREFULLY OBSERVES THE LOCATION OF EVERY BARRED DOOR... THE POSITION OF THE GUARDS... ANY DETAIL THAT MAY FACILITATE A SINGLE PURPOSE... **ESCAPE!**

AS THE CELL DOOR CLANGS SHUT...

SO YOU'RE THE ONE THEY LURED TO CZECHOSLOVAKIA! HAVE THEY FORCED YOU TO SIGN ANYTHING?

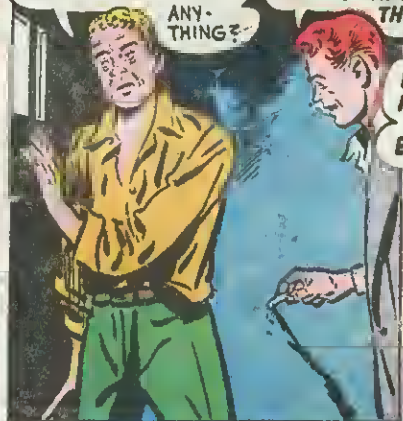
NOPE! BUT RIGHT NOW, ORMOND... I'M WORRIED ABOUT **THIS!**

THE ARMY DEVELOPED THESE CIGARETTES... EXCLUSIVELY FOR COUNTERESPIONAGE AGENTS AND DEMOLITION UNITS! IMAGINE A CONDEMNED SPY LIGHTING UP ONE OF **THESE** FOR HIS LAST SMOKE... WHEN THE END HE PLACES IN HIS MOUTH

CONTAINS A CHARGE OF **PICHTITE... A POWERFUL NEW EXPLOSIVE!**



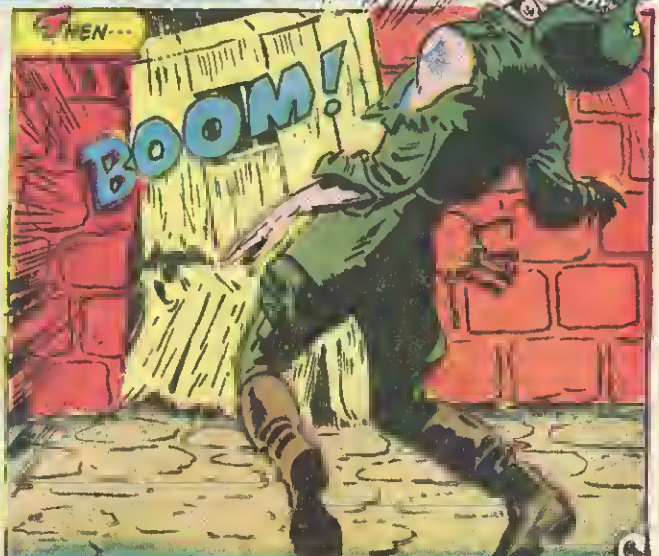
GOOD LORD... LANCE LARSON!

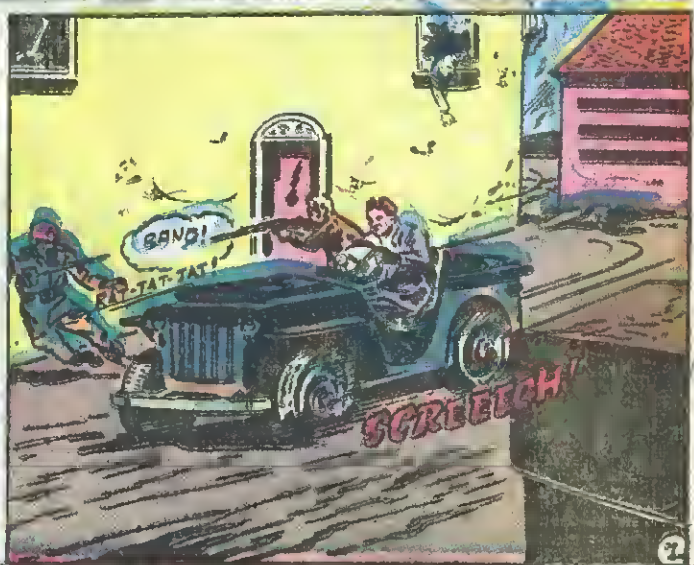
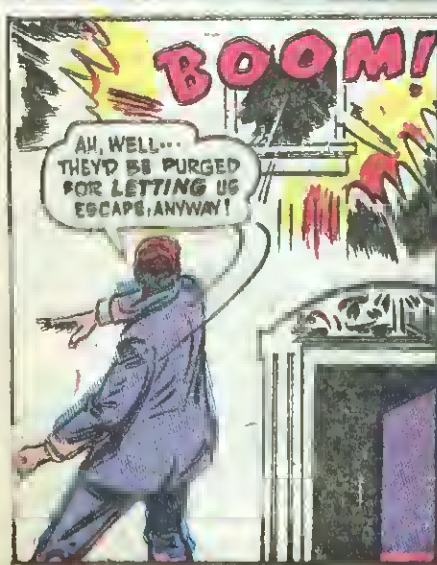
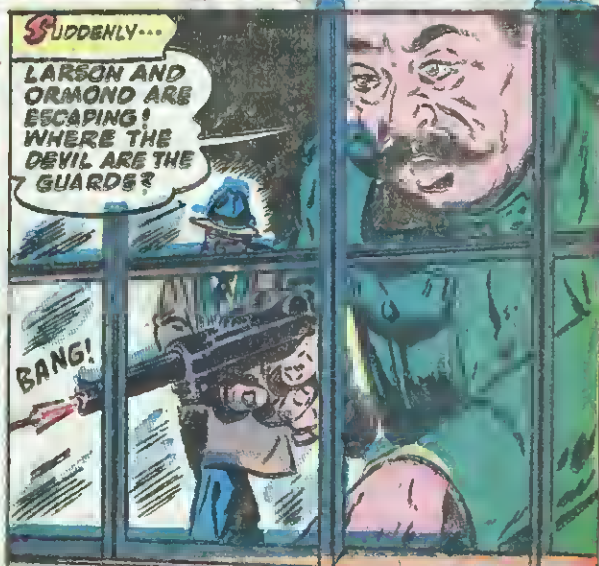


A MOMENT LATER...

O.K. LANCE... THE GUARD'S WITHIN SIX PAGES OF THE DOOR!

CHECK! GET OVER HERE... **FAST!**





NAGE GOING
50 FAR-- BUT
OUR LUCK CAN'T
HOLD! WE'LL BE
RUNNING INTO
ROAD BLOCKS
BEFORE WE
GET TEN
MILES!

MUST BE ABOUT 10:30
--I'M SURE I CAN GET
US THROUGH, ORMOND
... BUT WHAT I'M WORRY-
ING ABOUT IS A THROUGH
TRAIN TO THE BORDER
THAT LEFT PRAGUE
ABOUT A HALF-HOUR
AGO! THERE'S A CHANCE
WE CAN MAKE CONTACT
... IF WE RISK A SHORT
CUT OVER A MILITARY
ROAD CLUTTERED WITH
PATROLS!

I'M GAME,
LANCE-- BUT
IT LOOKS
LIKE **SHEER
SUICIDE!**

NOT IF WE MAKE
A QUICK STOP
AT A SMALL
SHOP I KNOW
OF-- IN ONE
OF THESE
BACK
ALLEYS!

MINUTES LATER--
LANCE LARSON:
I LEARNED FROM THE
GRAPEVINE THAT YOU
WERE IN PRAGUE ...
BUT I NEVER
EXPECTED TO
SEE YOU
HERE!

WE'VE GOT TO
MAKE A FAST
CHANGE, ANTON!
LET'S HAVE A
COLONEL'S UNI-
FORM-- AND THEN
SEE WHAT YOU'VE
GOT IN A SNAPPY
DOUBLE-
BREASTED
OUTFIT!



WITH EXPERT SPEED--

I EVEN **FEEL** LIKE A
RAT, LANCE-- BUT DO YOU
THINK IT'LL BE GOOD
ENOUGH TO FOOL
ANYONE?

TAKE IT FROM ME, MR.
ORMOND-- I ONLY
HOPE YOU DON'T RUN
INTO ONE OF OUR
GUERRILLA
SQUADS!



**LOGAN-- THE MAN OF A
THOUSAND FACES MAKES READY!**

BRUNO ARVANY!
WHAT A STRONG
STOMACH YOU'VE
GOT!

O.K., ANTON--
HOW ABOUT
THIS?



AN HOUR LATER--

**BOHEMIA CHORAL
SOCIETY H.Q. CALLING
FRANZ-- ABOARD FREE-
DOM EXPRESS! A FAST
TROOP TRAIN HAS JUST
LEFT PRAGUE-- ASSIGNED
TO OVERTAKE YOU!
MOBILE UNITS HAVE
ALSO BEEN ORDERED
TO PURSUE!**

I THOUGHT WE'D PICK UP
A FLASH ON THE UNDER-
GROUND'S SECRET FREQUENCY.
ORMOND! WE'VE GOT TO DO
SOMETHING TO GET THAT
TRAIN THROUGH-- OR
THOSE SIXTY FUGI-
TIVES ARE AS
GOOD AS EX-
ECUTED!

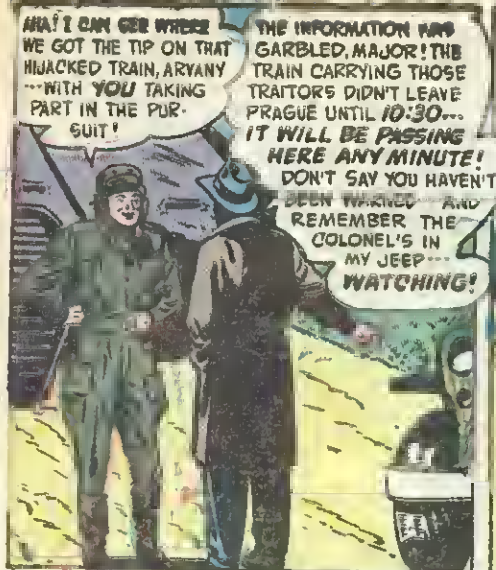


SEVERAL MILES BEYOND--

YE GODS, LANCE--
THIS IS GOING TO
TAKE NERVE!

I'LL HANDLE THIS!
JUST STAY PUT--
AND LOOK IM-
PORTANT!



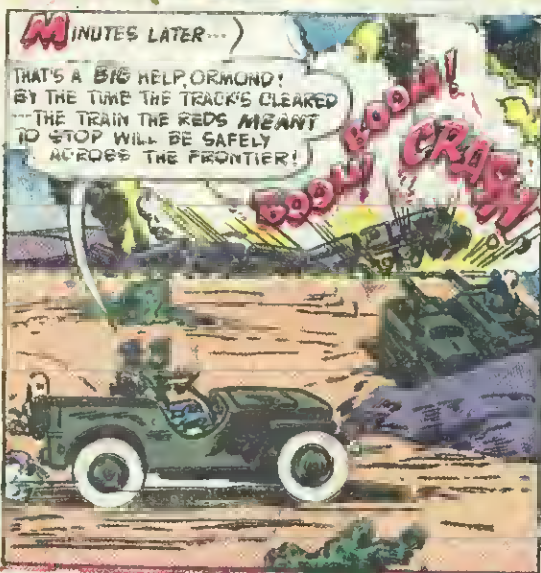
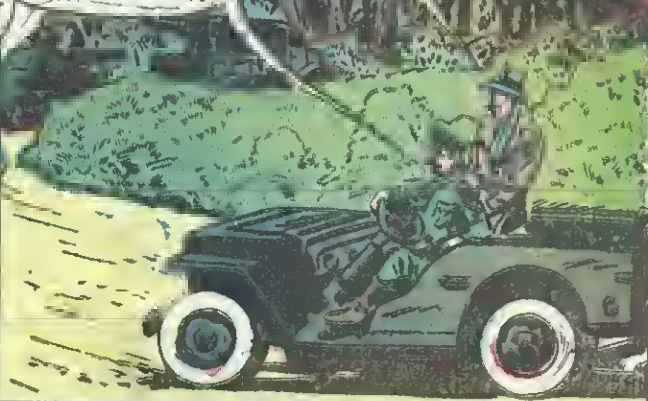


HA! I CAN SEE WHERE
WE GOT THE TIP ON THAT
HIJACKED TRAIN, ARVANY
---WITH **YOU** TAKING
PART IN THE PUR-
SUIT!

THE INFORMATION WAS
GARBLED, MAJOR! THE
TRAIN CARRYING THOSE
TRAITORS DIDN'T LEAVE
PRAGUE UNTIL 10:30...
**IT WILL BE PASSING
HERE ANY MINUTE!**
DON'T SAY YOU HAVEN'T
BEEN WARNED... AND
REMEMBER THE
COLONEL'S IN
MY JEEP...
WATCHING!

YOU CERTAINLY BUFFALOED
'EM, LANCE! THEY'RE
RACING LIKE SIXTY TO
THE NEAREST JUNCTION
---NOT REALIZING THEY'LL
BE INTERCEPTING THE
TROOP TRAIN!

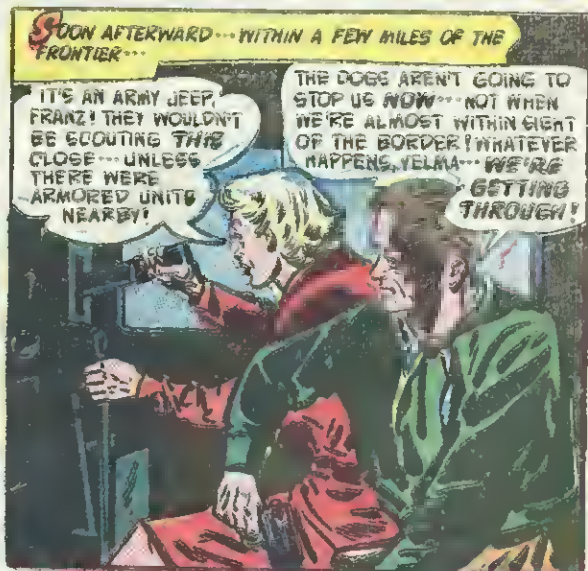
THIS I GOTTA SEE!
WE'LL DRIVE TO THE
TOP OF THE CREST!



MINUTES LATER...

THAT'S A **BIG** HELP, ORMOND!
BY THE TIME THE TRACK'S CLEARED
---THE TRAIN THE REDS MEANT
TO STOP WILL BE SAFELY
ACROSS THE FRONTIER!

BOOM! BOOM! CRASH!



**SOON AFTERWARD... WITHIN A FEW MILES OF THE
FRONTIER...**

IT'S AN ARMY JEEP,
FRANZ! THEY WOULDN'T
BE SCOUTING **THIS**
CLOSE... UNLESS
THERE WERE
ARMORED UNITS
NEARBY!

THE DOGS AREN'T GOING TO
STOP US **NOW**... NOT WHEN
WE'RE ALMOST WITHIN SIGHT
OF THE BORDER! WHATEVER
HAPPENS, YELMA... **WE'RE
GETTING
THROUGH!**



UNEXPECTEDLY...

FRANZ... WAIT! THERE'S
THE SIGN OF THE DOUBLE L
---IT MEANS LANCE LARSON
---IT MEANS **WE'RE
SAFE!**



AT A MIDNIGHT REUNION IN FREE GERMANY...

LANCE... I DON'T HAVE TO TELL
YOU WHAT THIS NEW-FOUND FREE-
DOM MEANS TO US! BY DAWN,
THE UNDERGROUND IN EVERY
COUNTRY BEHIND THE IRON
CURTAIN WILL SPREAD THE
NEWS... NEWS THAT WILL
GIVE FRESH HOPE AND
COURAGE TO MILLIONS...
**LANCE LARSON
HAS BEEN
BACK!**

HONEY, THERE'S GOING
TO BE PLENTY OF NEWS
SPREAD ON **OUR**
SIDE OF THE IRON
CURTAIN... WHEN A
CERTAIN NEWSMAN NAMED
JIM ORMOND GIVES **HIS**
ACCOUNT OF COMMUNISM IN
ACTION!

**LANCE LARSON STAGES ANOTHER ONE-MAN
COMMANDO RAID FOR DEMOCRACY... IN THE
NEXT ISSUE!**

THE END!
9

GEM of a PLOT

DARKNESS HAD ALREADY fallen over the city of Singapore when Chip Morrissey, free-lance adventurer and soldier of fortune, walked up to the small, dingy shop in the native quarter and knocked four times on the door. A moment later, the door opened a crack, a wary eye peered out at him, and then the door opened wide.

"Come in, come in, Mr. Morrissey," the fat Portuguese man beamed. "You're right on time for our appointment."

Chip glanced with distaste at the crafty, smirking face and said, "Okay, Monforte... let's see those gems you told me about. I've got fifty thousand dollars in American money in my pockets to pay for them if they're genuine...but I warn you not to try anything funny, because I also happen to have a revolver in my pocket."

Monforte threw up his hands in mock indignation. "But I would never think of robbing you...especially since everyone from Singapore to Suez knows how well you use a revolver. Besides, I am an honest man!"

"Cut the malarkey, Monforte. You're one of the biggest crooks in the Far East...and I know it. So let's get down to business...where are the gems?"

Monforte shrugged, and produced a large chambered bag from his inside jacket. Wordlessly, Chip took it, opened the bag, and removed a handful of gems from the top of the large pile inside...and began examining them carefully.

It took every effort of will for Chip to keep from whistling out loud in surprise...for his trained eye immediately discerned that the large rubies, emeralds and sapphires before him were all genuine, worth at least \$10,000 apiece. If all the gems in the bag were genuine, the total worth would be close to a million.

Suddenly, an excited Eurasian flung open the door of the shop and spoke quickly in Portuguese to Monforte. Moments later, Monforte turned worriedly to Chip and said,

"I've just received information that some of my rivals are on the way here to rob me of my gems...we'll have to leave immediately. We can transact our business in a quiet, dark alley I know a few blocks from here."

"Okay," Chip said, "but I'm carrying the gems. I don't want to take a chance on you switching bags and selling me a bag of worthless pieces of glass."

Monforte shrugged. "Very well...but come...we'll have to run."

While running through the dark, tortuous alleys of Singapore, Chip realized how cunning was Monforte's plan. The gems in the bag were being shaken up by the run...so that if there had merely been a handful of genuine jewels on top of the bag, they would now be mixed with the remaining batch of fake gems. And since Monforte would insist on transacting their business in the dark alley, for fear of his enemies, Chip would have to be just a bit more cunning than the Portuguese fat man.

Minutes later, Monforte halted in a dark alley and said, "All right...we'll be safe here. Hurry now...pick out the gems you want...at \$1,000 each."

"It's a deal," Chip said, opening the bag. "But I must insist on observing a superstition of mine...I always taste every gem I buy...and if I don't like the taste, I don't buy it."

"A quaint habit," Monforte said, "but go ahead."

Half an hour later, Chip walked away minus \$10,000...but with ten gems worth \$100,000. "Lucky Monforte didn't know that fake or glass gems become warm almost at once when held to the tongue," Chip thought, "and that genuine gems remain cold for some time. He probably thought it would be impossible for me to pick ten real gems out of two hundred phoney ones...but he was sure left holding the bag!"

the "POPSICLE" KIDS CAPTURE A BANDIT

HOWDY, YOUNGSTERS! WHAT'LL YOU HAVE?

I HAVE SOMETHING TO SHOW YOU... LOOKS REAL, DOESN'T IT?

TESS AND TIM STYMIE
A STICK-UP

THIS IS A
STICK-UP!

HURRY UP
WITH THAT
DOUGH!

I'LL
TRY
TO BLUFF
HIM

DROP YOUR
GUN-- YOU'RE
COVERED!

THANKS, TIM.
WE'VE BEEN AFTER
"BAD BILL" FOR
WEEKS

YOU MEAN
THANKS
TO MY
"POPSICLE"
WATER PISTOL!

WOW,
THAT
WAS A
THRILLER

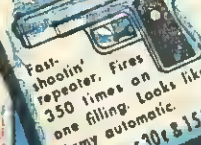
NOT NEARLY AS
THRILLING AS
THE GIFTS YOU
GET BY SAVING
BAGS WITH THE
POLKA DOTS!

GET SWELL GIFTS... SAVE BAGS WITH POLKA DOTS!

...OF ONLY "POPSICLE", "FUDGESICLE", "CREAMSICLE", AND "DREAMSICLE" BRANDS. "POPSICLE PETE" & "SAVE THESE BAGS FOR GIFTS"



#9 WATER PISTOL



Fast-shooting! Fires
350 times on
one filling. Looks like
an Army automatic.

175 BAGS or 30¢ & 15 BAGS

#6 BINOCULARS



Powerful,
easy-focus
field
glasses.

Swell
for ball
games and hikes.

150 BAGS or 35¢ & 15 BAGS

#49 CHARM BRACELET



Beautiful gold fin-
ished bracelet with
9 different, exciting
charms. You'll love it!

125 BAGS or 25¢ & 10 BAGS

GET THESE VALUABLE GIFTS
and many more... ask for

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UNSUNG- WESTERN HEROES

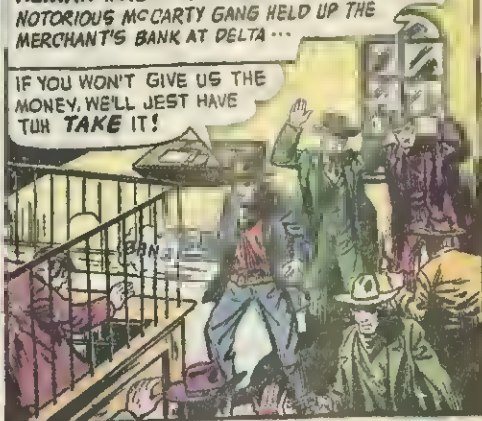
"SHOOTIN"
RAY
SIMPSON

ONE OF THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY UNSUNG HEROES OF THE OLD WEST WAS W. RAY SIMPSON, A YOUNG HARDWARE MERCHANT OF DELTA, COLORADO...WHOSE UNCANNY FEATS WITH A SIXGUN SOON EARNED HIM THE NICKNAME "SHOOTIN"!



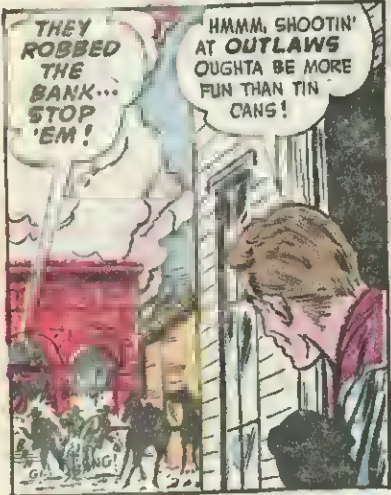
THEN CAME THE DAY WHEN "SHOOTIN" RAY'S ABILITIES WERE PUT TO THE TEST AGAINST HUMAN TARGETS! IT ALL STARTED WHEN THE NOTORIOUS MCCARTY GANG HELD UP THE MERCHANT'S BANK AT DELTA...

IF YOU WON'T GIVE US THE MONEY, WE'LL JUST HAVE TUN TAKE IT!



THEY ROBBED THE BANK... STOP 'EM!

HMMM, SHOOTIN' AT OUTLAWS OUGHTA BE MORE FUN THAN TIN CANS!



GRABBING A REPEATING SHARPS RIFLE, "SHOOTIN" RAY BEGAN CUTTING LOOSE...AND DOWNED BILL MCCARTY WITH A SHOT RIGHT THROUGH THE BACK OF HIS HEAD!

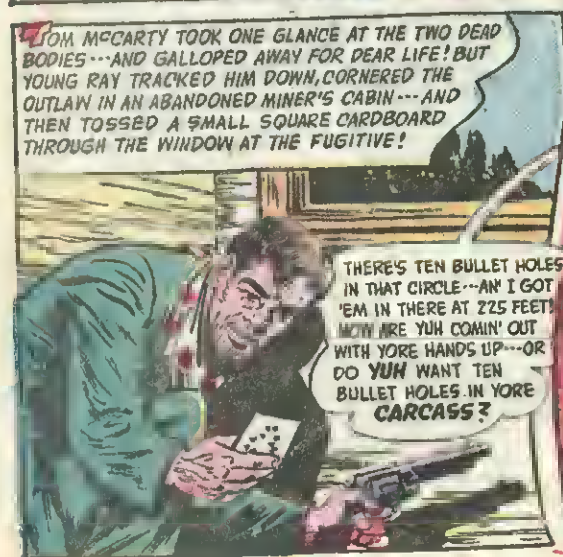


WHEN FRED MCCARTY SWUNG HIS HORSE ABOUT TO REVENGE HIS FATHER'S DEATH, HE GOT A TASTE OF RAY'S SHOOTING PRONESS...WITH A SHOT THAT SPLIT HIS HEART!

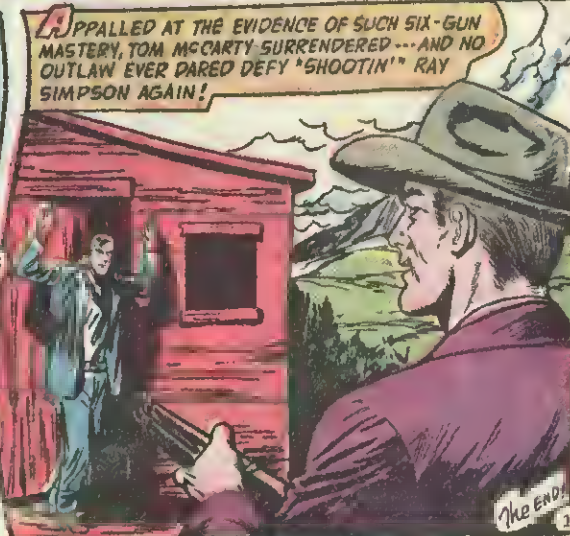


TOM MCCARTY TOOK ONE GLANCE AT THE TWO DEAD BODIES...AND GALLOPED AWAY FOR DEAR LIFE! BUT YOUNG RAY TRACKED HIM DOWN, CORNERED THE OUTLAW IN AN ABANDONED MINER'S CABIN...AND THEN TOSSED A SMALL SQUARE CARDBOARD THROUGH THE WINDOW AT THE FUGITIVE!

THERE'S TEN BULLET HOLES IN THAT CIRCLE...AN' I GOT 'EM IN THERE AT 225 FEET! NOW ARE YUH COMIN' OUT WITH YORE HANDS UP...OR DO YUH WANT TEN BULLET HOLES IN YORE CARCASS?



APPALLED AT THE EVIDENCE OF SUCH SIX-GUN MASTERY, TOM MCCARTY SURRENDERED...AND NO OUTLAW EVER DARED DEFEY "SHOOTIN" RAY SIMPSON AGAIN!



THE END!

Captain CROSSBONES



LET'S GO BACK THROUGH TIME, READER... BACK TO THAT LONG-DEAD AGE WHEN BUCCANEERS RULED THE DEEP, AND THE CLANG OF CUTLASSES BESPOKE THE FIGHTING HEARTS OF FIGHTING MEN! THAT WAS THE RED-BLOODED HEYOY OF CAPTAIN CROSSBONES, BLACK AVENGER OF THE SPANISH MAIN... A DIFFERENT TYPE OF PIRATE, WHO PLACED LOYALTY TO GOOD QUEEN BESS BEFORE PLUNDER! JOIN HIM AND LADY NANCY ON A THRILLING CRUISE ABOARD THE RED ROVER... A CRUISE DESTINED TO WRITE HISTORY IN THE ANNALS OF HAIRBREATH COMBAT!

John Whitney

ABOARD THE PIRATE BARK... IN THE CHINA SEAS...

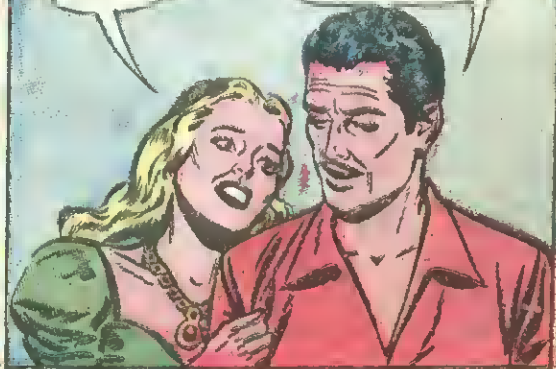
I KNOW OUR EXPEDITION IS TO SIGN A TRADE PACT FOR BRITAIN WITH TSING LOO, RULER OF THE AMKING PROVINCE, LORD ASHTON! BUT WHY DID THE QUEEN SEND LADY NANCY WITH US?

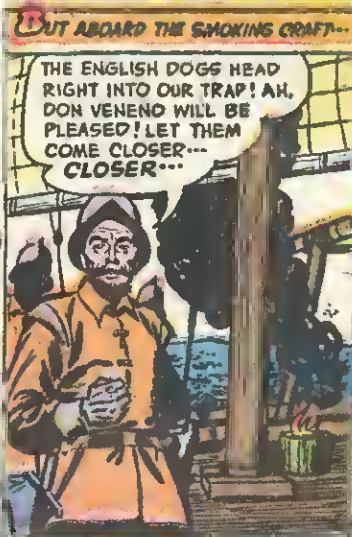
IT WON'T BE EASY TO SECURE TSING LOO'S AGREEMENT, CAPTAIN CROSSBONES! PERHAPS HER MAJESTY THOUGHT THAT A WOMAN MIGHT KNOW HOW BEST TO DEAL WITH HER!

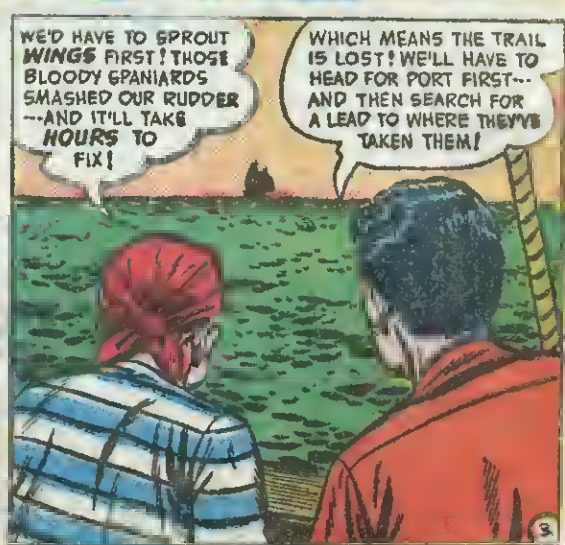
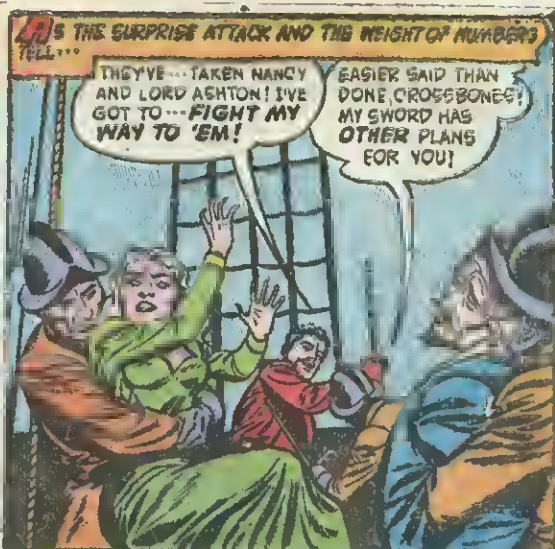


THAT'S RIGHT! BESIDES, THE QUEEN KNEW HOW MUCH I WANTED TO BE WITH YOU... ESPECIALLY SINCE WORD OF TSING LOO'S BEAUTY HAS TRAVELED FAR AND WIDE!

YOU'VE NO WORRY THERE, SWEET... I HAVE EYES BUT FOR YOU! BUT I DON'T LIKE YOU WEARING THAT PRICELESS NECKLACE THE QUEEN GAVE YOU-- IT'S A TEMPTATION FOR MY CREW!







LATER...THE IMPERIAL PALACE OF TSING LOO
 ...WHO RULES AMONG WITH BEAUTY AND BEANS...

IT WILL COME AS A SURPRISE TO THE BRITISH TO LEARN THAT THE SPANIARDS HAVE ALREADY BEEN HERE AND HAVE MADE THEIR OFFER! WILL YOU ACCEPT IT, YOUR MAJESTY?

THAT, MY DEAR, DEPENDS UPON WHAT THE BRITISH HAVE TO OFFER...WHEN THEY ARRIVE!



IMPORTANT THINGS, ON EXALTED FLOWER OF HEAVEN! EVEN AS WE SPEAK, THE ENGLISH VESSEL COOKS IN THE HARBOR!

EXCELLENT, AH KIM! GO TO THEM AT ONCE...ESCORT THEM TO MY THRONE!



YOUR WORDS ARE MY COMMAND, EXCELLENCY! IT IS MY HOPE THAT YOU DECIDE IN THEIR FAVOR...I LIKE NOT THE SPANIARDS!

BUT THEY HAVE OFFERED ME MUCH GOLD! LET US SEE IF THE BRITISH CAN DO AS WELL!



EVEN THEN...IN THE HIDEOUT OF DON VENENO, THE SPANISH ENVOY WHO WOODS TSING LOO FOR THE TRADE TREASURES OF HER LAND...

RELEASE US...OR DARE THE WRATH OF ENGLAND!

SPANISH MIGHT FEARS NOT YOUR PALTRY NATION! AH, MY SPIES DID WELL IN INTERCEPTING YOU!



KEEP...KEEP YOUR HANDS OFF HER, OR--

SILENCE, FOOL! THIS NECKLACE--IT'S WORTH A KING'S RANSOM! YOU WERE WISE, HOPING TO WIN A WOMAN THIS...BUT NOW--



Suddenly--

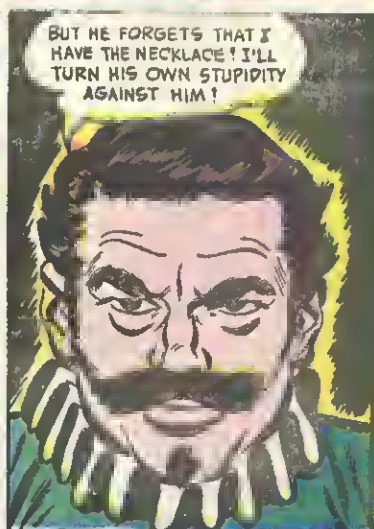
EXCELLENCY, I RETURN FROM SPYING ON TSING LOO'S COURT--WHERE EVEN NOW, THEY PREPARE TO WELCOME THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR!

BUT...BUT THAT IS IMPOSSIBLE! HE IS HERE--MY PRISONER!



THERE'S TRICKERY IN THE WIND, AMIGOS--DEPEND ON IT! GUARD OUR GUESTS--WHILE I GO TO DISCOVER WHAT ALL THIS MEANS!

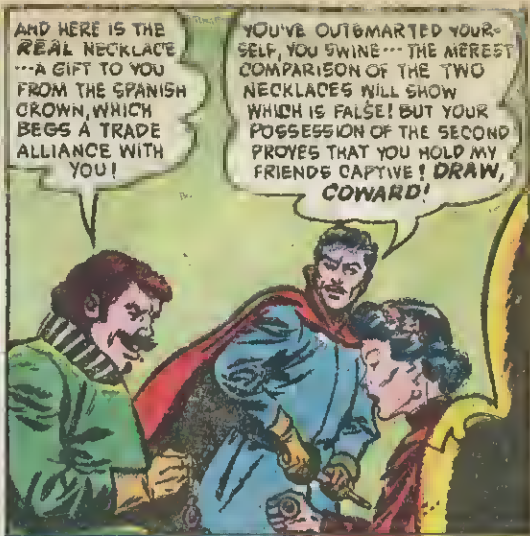






DON VENENO! WHAT
...WHAT IS THE MEAN-
ING OF THIS IN-
TRUSION?

EXALTED ONE, THIS MAN IS
AN **IMPOSTOR**, WHO HAS
DARED BRING YOU FALSE
GEMS! HE IS **CAPTAIN**
CROSSBONES...A
MURDEROUS
PIRATE!



AND HERE IS THE
REAL NECKLACE
...A GIFT TO YOU
FROM THE SPANISH
CROWN, WHICH
BEGS A TRADE
ALLIANCE WITH
YOU!

YOU'VE OUTSMARTED YOUR-
SELF, YOU SWINE... THE MEREST
COMPARISON OF THE TWO
NECKLACES WILL SHOW
WHICH IS FALSE! BUT YOUR
POSSESSION OF THE SECOND
PROVES THAT YOU HOLD MY
FRIENDS CAPTIVE! DRAW,
COWARD!



A SWASHBUCKLING DUEL!

I'LL...MAKE YOU TELL ME
WHERE THEY ARE...EVEN
IF I HAVE TO...CARVE
THE INFORMATION
OUT OF YOU!

YOU'VE MADE A FATAL
MISTAKE, CROSSBONES
...CROSSING BLADES
WITH THE GREATEST
SWORDSMAN IN
SPAIN!



GUARDS, NO! SEIZE
THESE ROGUES, WHO
DARE PROFANE THE
PEACE OF MY PALACE!

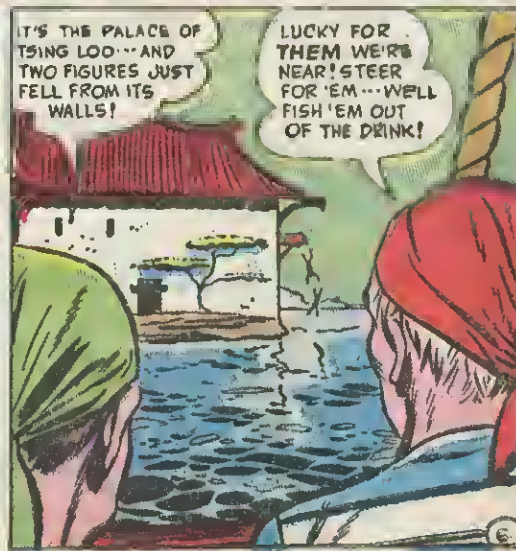
TOO LATE, YOUR
MAJESTY! LOOK
...**THEY BOTH**
FALL!



AT THAT VERY MOMENT, THE RED ROVER, WHICH HAS
BEEN FEELING ITS WAY ALONG THE COAST, APPROACHES
THE ROYAL PALACE...

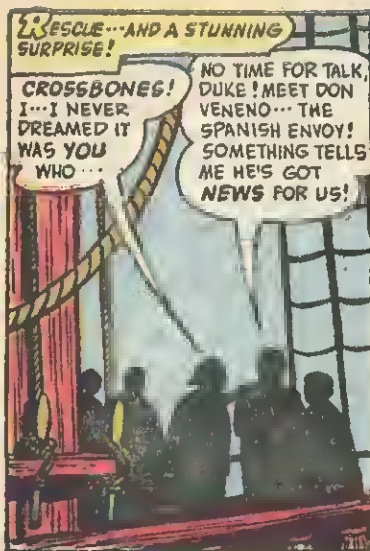
IT'S NO USE, ME LADS...THERE
ISN'T A SIGN OF THE JUNK
THAT ATTACKED US...OR OF
THE LADY NANCY AND LORD
ASHTON! MIGHT AS WELL
RETURN TO THE
HARBOR!

NOT SO
FAST, MATE
...**LOOK!**



IT'S THE PALACE OF
TSING LOO...AND
TWO FIGURES JUST
FELL FROM ITS
WALLS!

LUCKY FOR
THEM WE'RE
NEAR! STEER
FOR 'EM...WE'LL
FISH 'EM OUT
OF THE DRINK!



RESCUE...AND A STUNNING SURPRISE!

CROSSBONES!
I...I NEVER
DREAMED IT
WAS YOU
WHO...

NO TIME FOR TALK,
DUKE! MEET DON
VENENO... THE
SPANISH ENVOY!
SOMETHING TELLS
ME HE'S GOT
NEWS FOR US!



AND HE'D BETTER SPILL
IT...OR DIE! TALK UP!
WHERE ARE LADY
NANCY AND LORD
ASHTON?

MERCY...
MERCY,
CAPTAIN!
I...I'LL TELL
YOU EVERY-
THING...



**AVAST, CROSSBONES! THOSE
SMALL BOATS LOADED WITH
SOLDIERS...THEY'RE HEADED
THIS WAY!**

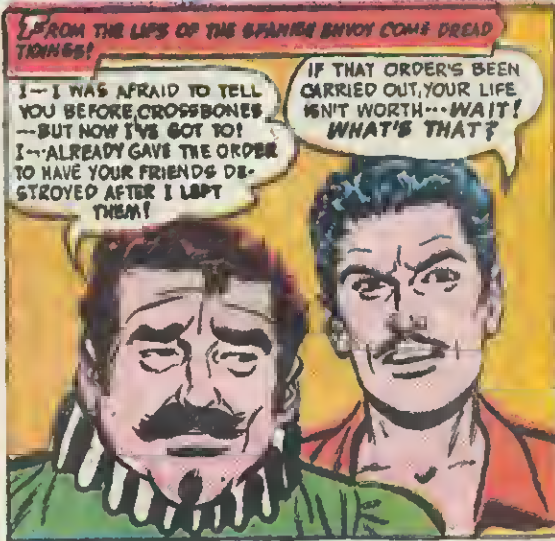
TSING LOO'S GUARDS
...THEY'RE GIVING
CHASE! IT'S DEATH
FOR EVERY MAN
ABOARD IF WE'RE
CAUGHT! CROWD
ON FULL
SAIL!



**WITH A FAIR WIND AND FULL SAILS, THE SPEEDING RED
ROVER SOON LOSES ITS PURSUERS! THEN, ANXIOUS FACES
SCAN THE SHORE AS...**

THAT'S WHERE YOUR FRIENDS
ARE HIDDEN...THAT BUDDHIST
TEMPLE! BUT NONE MAY
ENTER EXCEPT ON SIGNAL
...NOT EVEN I!

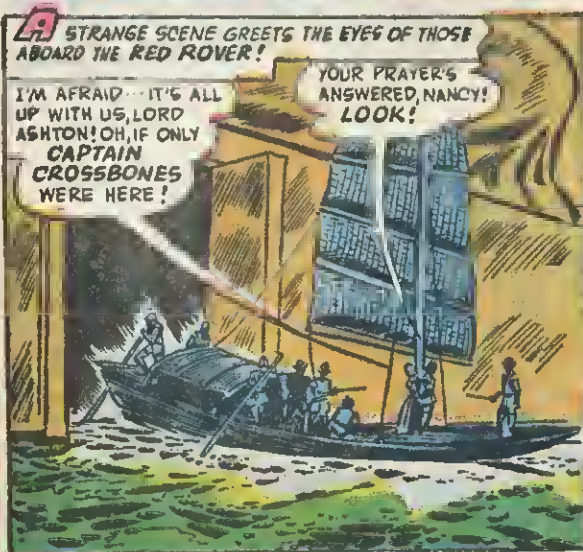
THIS PISTOL SAYS
YOU'LL GIVE THE
SIGNAL, VENENO!



**FROM THE LIPS OF THE SPANISH ENVOY COME DREAD
THINGS!**

I--I WAS AFRAID TO TELL
YOU BEFORE, CROSSBONES
--BUT NOW I'VE GOT TO!
I--ALREADY GAVE THE ORDER
TO HAVE YOUR FRIENDS DE-
STROYED AFTER I LEFT
THEM!

IF THAT ORDER'S BEEN
CARRIED OUT, YOUR LIFE
ISN'T WORTH...WAIT!
WHAT'S THAT?



**A STRANGE SCENE GREET'S THE EYES OF THOSE
ABOARD THE RED ROVER!**

I'M AFRAID...IT'S ALL
UP WITH US, LORD
ASHTON! OH, IF ONLY
CAPTAIN
CROSSBONES
WERE HERE!

YOUR PRAYER'S
ANSWERED, NANCY!
LOOK!



NANCY...AND HIS
LORDSHIP! BUT
THEY'RE IN A BAD
WAY, SKIPPER!

IF EVER WE HAD
TO MOVE FAST...
IT'S NOW!

WITH PHANTOM SWIFTNESS, THE RED ROVER BEARS DOWN ON THE SMALLER CRAFT!

BOARD, MEN... AND FIGHT!

IT'S...CAPTAIN CROSSBONES! BATTLE, COM-PADRES... FOR YOUR LIVES!

PIRATE STEEL CLANGS IN A ROUSING ACTION!

DOG, I'LL MAKE YOU... ARGH!

SHOW 'EM HOW BRITONS FIGHT, ME HEARTIES!

DARLING... I THOUGHT I'D NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN! HOW DID YOU EVER MANAGE TO...

LATER, NANCY... THERE'S STILL NEED FOR MY SWORD!

WHEN THE BATTLE IS WON...

BLIMEY, CROSSBONES, THESE SPANIARDS SURE LEARN COURTESY IN A HURRY... WHEN THEY'RE LICKED!

AYE, DUKE... AND NOW WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE THEM EXPLAIN MATTERS TO TSING LOO! AFTER THAT SCENE IN HER CASTLE, SHE'LL STILL BE AFTER MY LIFE!

THEN, SUDDENLY... A HAIL FROM THE PORT SIDE...

ABOARD THE RED ROVER! YOU ARE UNDER ARREST... IN THE NAME OF TSING LOO!

I'VE GOT TO GIVE IN... OR ENGLAND WILL NEVER GET THAT TREATY! KEEP YOUR FINGERS CROSSED... BECAUSE UNLESS SHE SEE THINGS OUR WAY... IT'S DEATH FOR EVERY MAN-JACK ABOARD!

LATER, IN THE PALACE OF TSING LOO, WHEN THE WHOLE STORY OF DECEPTION AND INTRIGUE HAS BEEN UNFOLDED...

CAPTAIN, I SHOULD HAVE YOU BEHEADED FOR WHAT YOU'VE DONE! YOU... YOU MADE A MOCKERY OF COURT PROCEDURE!

WHAT I DID, OH EXALTED AND BEAUTIFUL ONE, WAS FOR QUEEN AND COUNTRY! I MEANT NO INSULT TO YOU!

I'M WOMAN ENOUGH TO KNOW YOU ACTED COURAGEOUSLY... RESOURCEFULLY! THAT IS WHY ENGLAND SHALL GAIN MY TRADE! YOU ARE INDEED A FORTUNATE GIRL TO HAVE SUCH A 'MAN, LADY NANCY!

ANOTHER CAPTAIN CROSSBONES'S ADVENTURE... NEXT ISSUE!

THE END! 8

This never happened to your bike before!

The ALL new

U.S. ROYAL RIDER



"JET-RIDE"

**Quicker on the getaway...
faster on the straightaway...
exciting new Pedal Power!**

- **Pedals twice as easy as any other balloon tire made!** Gives you Pedal Power that does what pedal-pumping once did. It's the "jet ride" design that does it! And you can coast **165% farther!**
- **Lasts Twice as Long as ordinary bike tires!** Extra-tough rubber tread backed up by 3 layers of Super-strong Rayon. That's what makes it last!
- **Maneuvers like a "Lightweight"**—Special Steering Treads (narrow and streamlined) for real bike control.
- **Grips and Holds the Road** in all directions! The new Royal Rider tread clings on the curves—stops on a dime!

Be the first in your neighborhood with Royal Riders. Step away from the gang with "Jet Ride" today!



U.S. ROYAL

**BICYCLE
TIRES**

PRODUCTS OF UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

Hoot

OWL

THE SUN WAS setting over the Talkeetna Mountains in southern Alaska, and far off in the distance a fox barked at the coming of night. Hank Halliday paused to listen to the barks as he trudged along the trail that led through the dense forest from his small placer gold mine to his cabin up the slope...and he grinned as he looked at his wrist-watch and saw that the fox was right on time again tonight.

Ever since Hank had struck gold in the lonely, rugged Alaskan Mountains, he had learned to love all the forest noises...for they were frequently the only sounds he heard for weeks on end. In the long evenings after getting back to his cabin, he would sit and study the barkings of foxes, the hooting of the Alaskan owls, the howling of wolves...and he soon found that many animals kept exact schedules. That fox, for example, could be counted on to bark at precisely the same minute each evening...and it gave Hank a gratifying feeling of security to know that the world of nature was so dependable and predictable.

Hank had also found the world of nature to be bountiful...for in the brief half year he had been there, he had extracted over \$100,000 worth of gold dust from the rich vein he had struck. Four times he had made the long, lonely trek down to the town of Talkeetna to deposit his gold in the local bank...and each time the amount of gold he had brought down from the mountains had caused excited comment among the townspeople.

Naturally, Hank never told his eager questioners just where his gold strike was located. But he had to pay a price for his silence...for upon each return to the mountains, Hank had to take tortuous false trails for days on end before he could finally shake off the dozens of gold-hungry men who followed him in an attempt to learn his secret.

He had always managed to lose his trail-ers in the wild ruggedness of the Talkeetna forests...but now, as Hank entered his crude cabin and unslung the day's pouches of gold dust, he suddenly froze in fear as a voice spoke out from the shadows behind the cabin door: "Reach...or die!"

Hank raised his arms and slowly turned around. The man crouching near the door held a revolver on him, and the gunman's face was twisted in a sneer of triumph as he said, "Ha...you thought all the Talkeetna townsmen had given up tryin' to find your sack and gold strike...but I never gave up! I've been prowlin' around in these mountains for the last two months, knowin' I'd find you sooner or later. An' now I'm gonna blast your head off, take your gold... an' work your mine for myself!"

Thinking swiftly, Hank glanced at the wall clock above the fire-place. "Don't be a fool," he said calmly. "Don't you think I knew someone would stumble on my cabin sooner or later? Don't you think I took steps to protect myself? There's only one trail you could have used to come up this part of the mountain...and two prospector friends of mine are always watching that trail. They agreed to follow anyone who came up that trail toward my cabin... and if you want proof, just listen!"

Hank cupped his hands to his mouth, let out with a mournful owl hoot...a moment later, an answering owl hoot came from outside the cabin. "They answered my signal," Hank said. "They're outside the window right now, with rifles pointing at you."

The gunman turned white and glanced toward the window. An instant later, Hank's fist smashed against the man's jaw, knocking him senseless. Picking up the fallen gun, Hank turned to the window and grinned, "Thanks, you old hoot owl... you were right on time again tonight!"

ACE CARTER

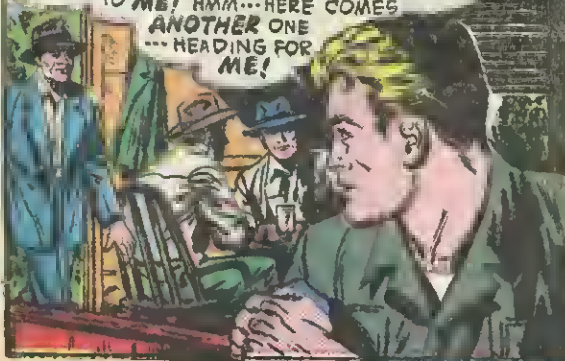
ADVENTURER

IT'S EASY ENOUGH TO LAUGH AT THE JUNGLE GODS...WHEN YOU'RE SWAPPING YARNS ON THE SWeltering DECK OF AN ORE SHIP TIED UP AT A VENEZUELAN PORT! BUT ACE CARTER HAS BEEN AROUND ENOUGH TO KNOW THAT LEGENDS HAVE AN ODD HABIT OF TRAPPING THE UNWARY ---AND THAT A BEAUTIFUL GODDESS WHO COMES TO LIFE CAN MEAN A DOZEN SPEARS WHIZZING FROM THE PALM FRONDS!



IN A SMALL TOWN AT THE FRINGE OF THE VENEZUELAN JUNGLE...

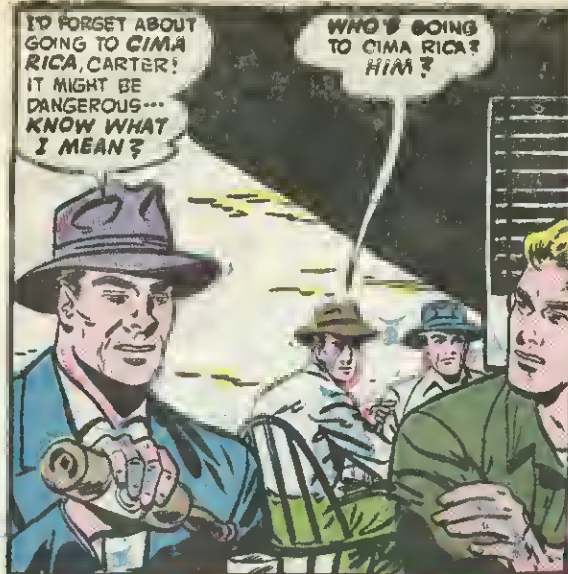
STRANGE...I WAS TOLD THERE'D BE NO ONE IN THIS BURG TO HELP ME GET MY PLANE REFUELED OTHER THAN A FEW INDIAN PEASANTS... BUT THESE CHARACTERS DON'T LOOK LIKE LOCALS TO ME! HMM...HERE COMES ANOTHER ONE --- HEADING FOR ME!



GIMME A BEER! ...CARTER... I GOT SOMETHING TO SAY TO YOU!

YOU KNOW ME, EH? OKAY... WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?





I'D FORGET ABOUT GOING TO CIMA RICA, CARTER! IT MIGHT BE DANGEROUS... KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

WHO'S GOING TO CIMA RICA? HIM?



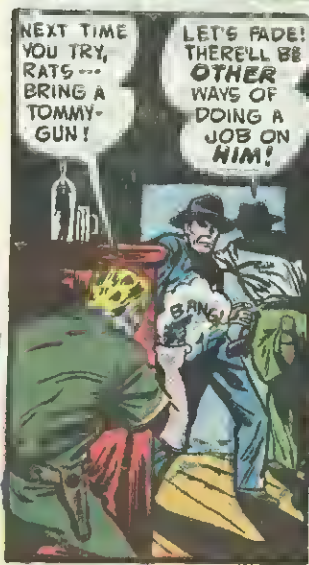
ROTTEN UNHEALTHY SPOT, CHUM! IN FACT... A SMART TYPE WOULD CLIMB INTO HIS PLANE AND GET OUT OF VENEZUELA ALTOGETHER!

ALL OF YOU IN ON THE SAME DEAL, EH? I DON'T KNOW WHO SENT YOU, MUGGS... BUT TROT BACK AND TELL HIM I'M NOT BUYING ANY!

Then... AS THE LAZY AFTERNOON CRACKLES INTO LETHAL MOTION...



BLAZES! I TOLD YOU WE SHOULD'VE LET HIM HAVE IT IN THE BACK!

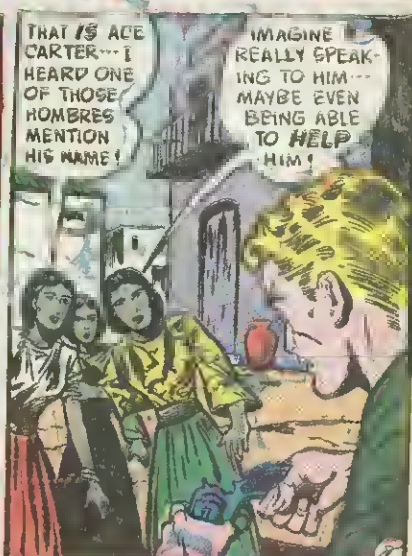


NEXT TIME YOU TRY, RATS... BRING A TOMMY-GUN!

LET'S FADE! THERE'LL BE OTHER WAYS OF DOING A JOB ON HIM!



A MOMENT LATER...



THAT IS ACE CARTER... I HEARD ONE OF THOSE HOMBRES MENTION HIS NAME!

IMAGINE REALLY SPEAKING TO HIM... MAYBE EVEN BEING ABLE TO HELP HIM!



YOU MIGHT AT THAT, **CHIKUITA!** I'M LOOKING FOR THE LOCAL CLINK... **JEFETURA**, TO YOU!

IT'S OVER THERE... TWO CORNERS FROM THE SQUARE! BUT DO YOU HAVE TO GO **IMMEDIATELY**... ISN'T THERE SOMETHING ELSE...?



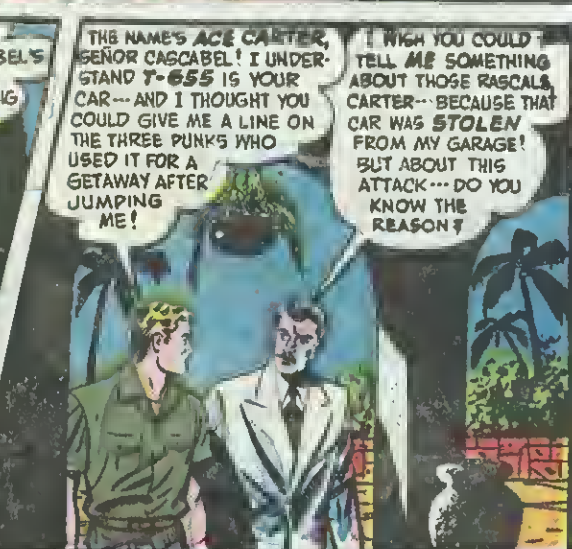
T-655...ARE YOU SURE, AMIGO? THAT CAR IS OWNED BY **SEÑOR PEDRO CASCABEL**... IN MARACAY!

THIRTY MILES FROM HERE, EH? THANKS, **GENERALISSIMO**... GUESS I CAN HIRE A CAR AND BE BACK HERE IN TIME TO TAKE OFF AT DAWN!



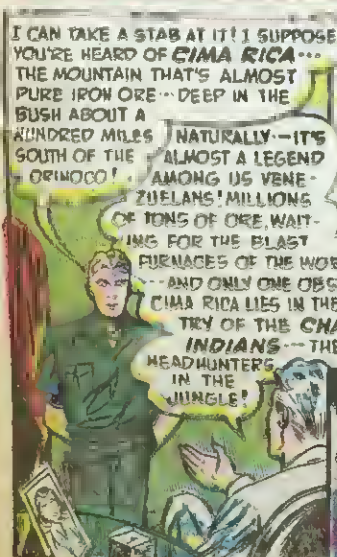
AN HOUR LATER...

QUITE A BUNGALOW! HOWEVER **PEDRO CASCABEL**'S MIXED UP IN THIS...IT'S A SURE BET HE'S A PRETTY BIG WHEEL!



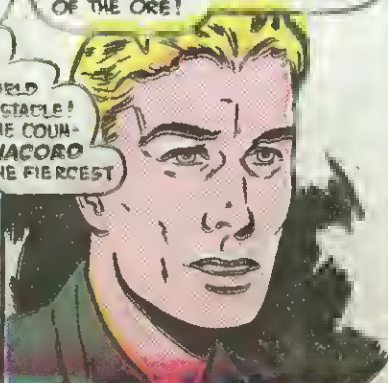
THIS NAME'S **ACE CARTER**, **SEÑOR CASCABEL!** I UNDERSTAND **T-655** IS YOUR CAR--AND I THOUGHT YOU COULD GIVE ME A LINE ON THE THREE PUNKS WHO USED IT FOR A GETAWAY AFTER JUMPING ME!

I WISH YOU COULD TELL ME SOMETHING ABOUT THOSE RASCALS, **CARTER**--BECAUSE THAT CAR WAS **STOLEN** FROM MY GARAGE! BUT ABOUT THIS ATTACK... DO YOU KNOW THE REASON?



I CAN TAKE A STAB AT IT! I SUPPOSE YOU'RE HEARD OF **CIMA RICA**... THE MOUNTAIN THAT'S ALMOST PURE IRON ORE... DEEP IN THE BUSH ABOUT A HUNDRED MILES SOUTH OF THE **GRINOCO!**... ALMOST A LEGEND AMONG US **VENEZUELAN**'S MILLIONS OF TONS OF ORE, WAITING FOR THE BLAST FURNACES OF THE WORLD--AND ONLY ONE OBSTACLE! **CIMA RICA** LIES IN THE COUNTRY OF THE **CHACORO INDIANS**--THE FIERCEST HEADHUNTERS IN THE JUNGLE!

THAT'S MY PITCH, **CASCABEL!** THE UNITED STEEL COMPANY'S HIRED ME TO PARLEY WITH THE **CHACORO**... TRY TO GAIN THEIR CONFIDENCE--AND OFFER A GOOD PRICE FOR THE MOUNTAIN! JUST THAT--PLUG BRINGING BACK A SAMPLE OF THE ORE!



THEY SHOULD HAVE TOLD YOU WHAT YOU'LL BE UP AGAINST, **CARTER!** IT'S COMMON KNOWLEDGE THAT **CIMA RICA** IS SACRED TO **CHUCHA**... THE ANCIENT GODDESS OF THE **CHACORO!** ACCORDING TO THE JUNGLE GRAPEVINE, SHE ACTUALLY **APPEARS** ON **CIMA RICA** FROM TIME TO TIME... TO WARN THE INDIANS OF THE APPROACH OF STRANGERS! AT DEALING WITH WHAMMIES AND VAGUE THREATS--AS WELL AS THE MORE DIRECT KIND I HANDLED THIS AFTERNOON! THANKS FOR THE ADVICE--BUT I'LL TAKE MY CHANCES WITH **CHUCHA!**





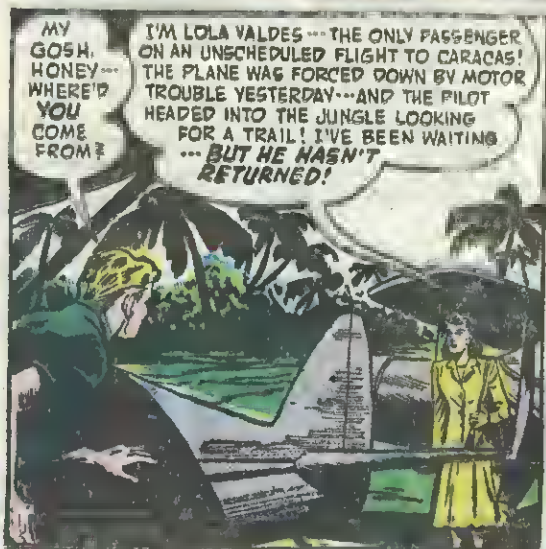
EARLY NEXT MORNING...

THERE'S A STRETCH OF
FLAT GRASSLAND SUITABLE
FOR A LANDING...ONE DAY'S
MARCH FROM CIMA RICA! I'LL
HAVE TO MAKE THE LAST LAP
ON FOOT...AND I'D BETTER
HOPE I DON'T STOP A CHACORO
SPEAR BEFORE I HAVE A CHANCE
TO WIN THEM OVER!



HOURS LATER...AS ACE
PREPARES TO LAND...

HOLY SMOKE! I DON'T KNOW
WHAT THAT GRUMMAN DUCK'S
DOING HERE...UNLESS
I'M SLATED FOR ANOTHER
HASSLE WITH THOSE
THREE STUMBLEBUMS!



MY
GOSH,
HONEY...
WHERE'D
YOU
COME
FROM?

I'M LOLA VALDES...THE ONLY PASSENGER
ON AN UNSCHEDULED FLIGHT TO CARACAS!
THE PLANE WAS FORCED DOWN BY MOTOR
TROUBLE YESTERDAY...AND THE PILOT
HEADED INTO THE JUNGLE LOOKING
FOR A TRAIL! I'VE BEEN WAITING
...BUT HE HASN'T
RETURNED!



CONSIDERING THIS IS
CHACORO COUNTRY, I'LL
TAKE A LOOK AROUND
ON MY WAY THROUGH
THE BUSH...AND SEE
IF I CAN FIND HIS
REMAINS!

DON'T LEAVE
ME HERE! I BEG
YOU...LET ME
GO ALONG!



YOU'RE ASKING
FOR TROUBLE,
LOLA! HAVEN'T YOU
HEARD OF CHUCHA,
THE GODDESS OF
CIMA RICA--AND
THE DIM VIEW
SHE TAKES OF
STRANGERS?

EVERYONE KNOWS
CHUCHA IS JUST A
MYTH! AND AS FOR
THE CHACORO...
I'LL CERTAINLY BE
A LOT SAFER WITH
YOU THAN STAVING
HERE ALONE!
PLEASE--!



OKAY...
BUT IT'S
APT TO GET
RUGGED!
CAN YOU
HANDLE A
GUN?

I HOPE IT
WON'T BE
NECESSARY...
BECAUSE **THAT'S**
SOMETHING I'LL
HAVE TO LEAVE TO
YOU! I'M MORTALLY
AFRAID OF
FIREARMS!



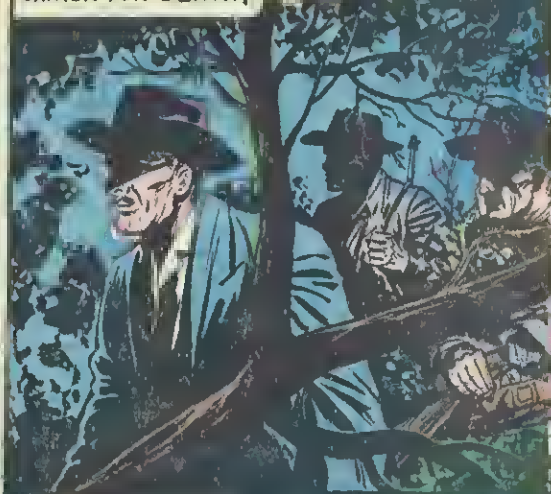
MILES BEYOND...IN A WILDERNESS
THAT PRESSES CLOSE LIKE A GREEN
CONSPIRACY...

SOMEWHERE...I'VE SEEN THIS DISH
BEFORE! BUT NO USE TRYING TO
FIGURE IT OUT NOW, WHEN I HAVE
SOMETHING ELSE ON MY MIND...
**THE STRONG IM-
PRESSION OF BE-
ING WATCHED
BY HIDDEN
EYES!**

YES...PEERING FROM AMONG THE GLISTENING BANANA FRONDS...GLARING THROUGH THE LATTICED PALMS...



...EYES THAT HAVE MARKED ACE CARTER FOR DEATH!



LATE THE FOLLOWING NIGHT...

WE'RE JUST A FEW MILES FROM CIMA RICA, LOLA! MAYBE I'M STICKING MY NECK OUT... BUT THE SOONER I MAKE CONTACT WITH THE CHACORO... THE SOONER I'LL BE ABLE TO BLAST A SAMPLE OF IRON ORE!

ACE, I CAN'T EXPLAIN... BUT IN JUST THIS SHORT TIME I FEEL I'VE COME TO KNOW YOU... AND...



PLEASE DON'T ASK ANY QUESTIONS! JUST TURN BACK... NOW!

BABY, I'VE HEARD THAT LINE BEFORE... ONLY THIS TIME... THERE'S A DIFFERENCE!



FOR AN INSTANT, THE HALF-CLOSED EYES HOLD ALL THE MYSTERY AND WARNING OF A WOMAN WITH A SECRET... AND IN THAT ONE LINGERING GLANCE COMES A FLASH OF RECOGNITION!

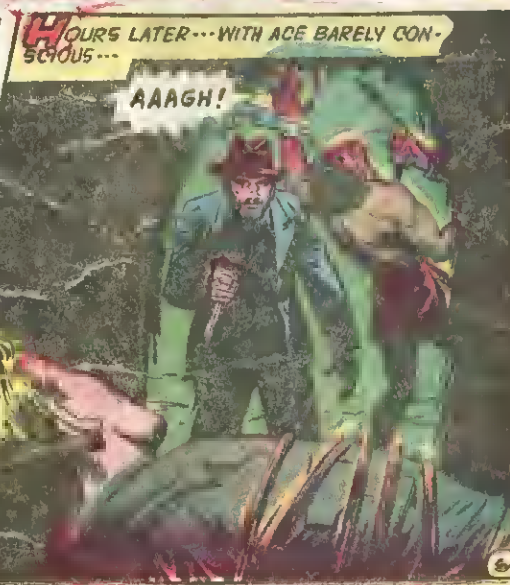
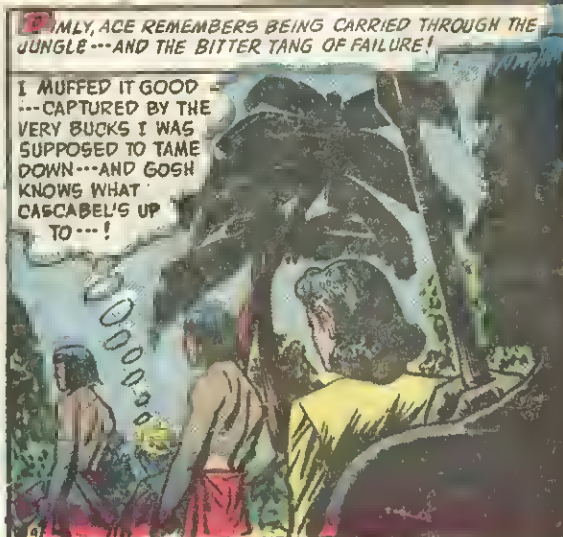
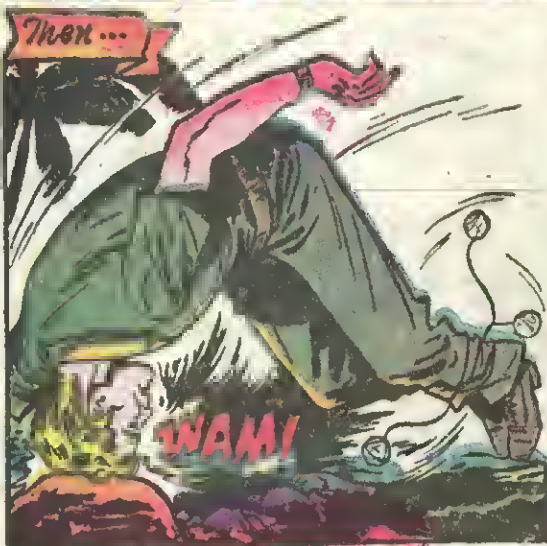
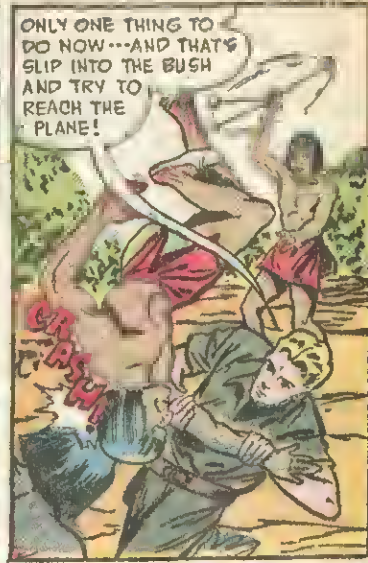
HOLY SMOKE! NOW I REMEMBER HER... THE GIRL WHOSE PICTURE I SAW IN CASCABEL'S HOME!



SURPRISE! UNEXPECTEDLY... AS ACE STEPS BACK...

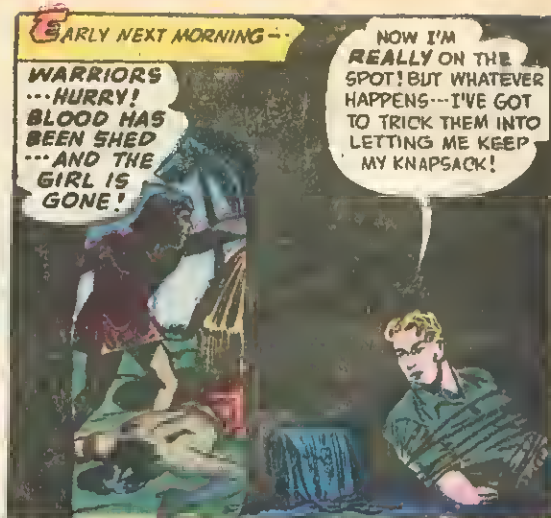
OH! THE CHACORO!







CAN'T MAKE OUT WHO THEY ARE... BUT THEY'VE CUT LOLA'S ROPES... THEY'RE HELPING HER ESCAPE!



EARLY NEXT MORNING--

WARRIORS...HURRY! BLOOD HAS BEEN SHED...AND THE GIRL IS GONE!

NOW I'M REALLY ON THE SPOT! BUT WHATEVER HAPPENS...I'VE GOT TO TRICK THEM INTO LETTING ME KEEP MY KNAPSACK!



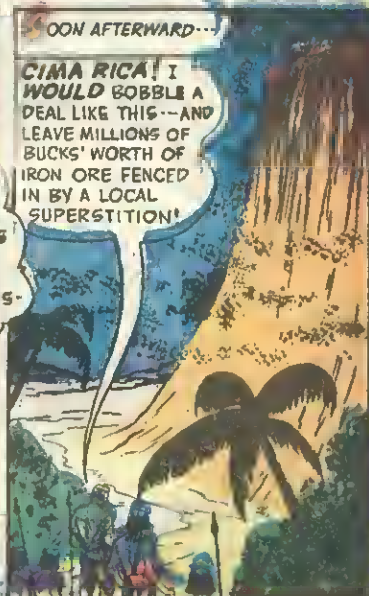
HOW DID THE GIRL GET AWAY? SPEAK...OR YOU WILL KNOW A THOUSAND GASPS BEFORE YOU DIE!

THERE I CARRY A POWERFUL MAGIC...STRONG ENOUGH TO RELEASE THE GIRL! MYSELF I DID NOT FREE...TO PROVE I DO NOT FEAR THE CHACORO!



UH! WE WILL MAKE SURE THIS MAGIC DOES NOT HELP YOU! WE WILL TAKE IT TO CIMA RICA AND WAIT FOR CHUCHA...SHE WILL KILL THE MAGIC...AND THEN WE WILL KILL YOU!

YES, AND IT MAY HAPPEN SOONER THAN HE THINKS...IF HE ISN'T CAREFUL ABOUT THE WAY HE HANDLES THOSE STICKS OF DYNAMITE WITH PRESET PERCUSSION CAPS!



SOON AFTERWARD...

CIMA RICA! I WOULD BOBBLE A DEAL LIKE THIS--AND LEAVE MILLIONS OF BUCKS' WORTH OF IRON ORE FENCED IN BY A LOCAL SUPERSTITION!



HERE OF OLD WAS THE SHRINE OF CHUCHA... HERE SHE HAS RETURNED! LET HER APPEAR NOW... AND DEAL WITH THE ENEMIES OF THE CHACORO!



THEN...AS THE CYNICAL SMILE FADES ON ACE'S FACE...A WEAVING FIGURE RISES IN THE SULTRY MIST!

GREAT GUNS!

CHUCHA! CHUCHA!

WITH THE MIST SWIRLING AMONG THE CRAGS...

CHUCNA HAS BEEN
SUMMONED...
CHUCHA COMES
...CHUCHA
LISTENS!



Suddenly...

STOP HER
...IT'S A
DOUBLE-
CROSS!

BANG!



CHACORO...WE
HAVE BEEN TRICKED!
WE HAVE BEEN
LISTENING NOT TO
CHUCHA...BUT TO
AN ORDINARY MORTAL
...A STRANGER!
LET THEM DIE,
CHACORO!

I EX-
PECTED A
SHOW-
DOWN
SOONER
OR LATER
... WE
MIGHT AS
WELL WIPE
THEM OUT
NOW!

BANG!



WITH A WARNING SHOUT TO THE
WARRIORS...

GET BACK, CHACORO
...YOU HAVEN'T A
CHANCE AGAINST
THESE AUTOMATIC
WEAPONS!



MIGHTY ONE, A STRANGER
HAS COME AMONG US...
AND YOU HAVE WARNED
US THAT STRANGERS
MUST DIE! BUT HE
BEARS MAGIC, CHUCHA...

WE NEED
YOUR HELP!

HE WHO BEARS
MAGIC IS FAVOR-
ED BY THE MIGHTY
ONES! HEAR THIS
STRANGER,
CHACORO...AND
RECEIVE HIM
AS A FRIEND!



HOLY
SMOKE...
LOLA!



IN THE NEXT INSTANT...

COME ON, BABY...
WE'RE GETTING
OUT OF
HERE!



THEN...WITH TWENTY ROUNDS A SECOND POURING FROM CIMA RICA...

EE-YAH! NEVER BEFORE HAVE WE GIVEN GROUND... BUT A **THOUSAND** CHACORO COULD NOT WITHSTAND THESE GUNS THAT TALK DEATH!

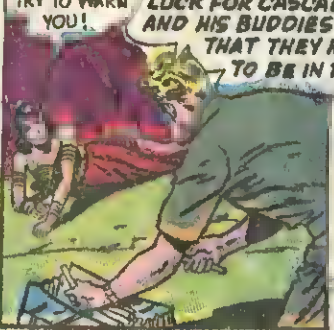
STICK AROUND, CHIEF...WE'VE GOT MORE FIREPOWER THANK YOU THINK!

YOU KNOW NOW THAT I'VE BEEN WORKING WITH CASCABEL ALL THE TIME...AND I SUPPOSE YOU THINK I GOT WHAT I DESERVED! BUT, ACE...I DID TRY TO WARN YOU!

YEP...AT THE LAST MINUTE! WELL, SWEETHEART...I RETURNED THE FAVOR BY GETTING YOU DOWN FROM THERE! I CAME TO CIMA RICA TO BLAST AN OUTCAST...
AND IT'S TOUGH LUCK FOR CASCABEL AND HIS BUDDIES THAT THEY HAPPEN TO BE IN THE WAY!

WITH A BLAST THAT SWAYS THE PALM TREES FOR HUNDREDS OF YARDS AROUND...

BOOM!



WHEN THE SMOKE CLEARS...

IN THE NAME OF THE MIGHTY ONES... **LOOK!**

CHUCHA! THIS TIME WE HAVE REALLY FOUND HER-- AT THE SPOT WHERE OUR ANCIENT CHIEFS WORSHIPED!

YOUR MAGIC IS GREAT...IT HAS DESTROYED OUR ENEMIES...AND RESTORED OUR LOST GODDESS! SELDOM DO THE CHACORO FIND A STRANGER WHO IS A FRIEND...BUT WHEN WE DO...WE WILL REFUSE HIM NOTHING!

NO USE TELLING NIM THAT THE IDOL HAD BEEN BURIED BY AN EARTHQUAKE...AND THAT MY UNCOVERING IT WAS SNEER LUCK! NOPE...NOT WHEN HE'S ITCHING TO GIVE ME A LITTLE SOMETHING IN RETURN...**LIKE THE MINING RIGHTS ON CIMA RICA!**



THAT NIGHT...IN THE CHACORO VILLAGE...

ACE...I KNOW YOU WON'T FORGIVE ME! BUT CASCABEL CONVINCED ME WAS JUST A BUSINESS MANUEVER...HAVING ME IMPERSONATE CHUCHA SO THAT THE NATIVES WOULD KEEP RIVAL COMPANIES AWAY FROM CIMA RICA! HE SAID HE HAD TO STALL FOR TIME IN ORDER TO RAISE THE MONEY FOR MINING OPERATIONS...AND I NEVER DREAMED HE'D RESORT TO BLOODSHED!

YOU TOOK A MIGHTY BIG CHANCE WITH THAT RAT, LOLA! HE LEFT YOU AT THE PLANE SO THAT I WOULDN'T GET SUSPICIOUS...BUT HE DIDN'T LIFT A FINGER WHEN THE CHACORO JUMPED US! HE RESCUED YOU LATER MERELY BECAUSE HE WANTED YOU TO IMPERSONATE CHUCHA AGAIN...BUT SUPPOSE THE NATIVES HAD KILLED US FIRST?

WITH TOM TOMS THUDDING FROM THE SCENTED SHADOWS...

THERE'S NO USE SAYING NOW I FEEL, ACE! BUT DARLING, LOOK INTO MY EYES...AND THEN...
BECAUSE YOU WON'T LET ME DROP OUT OF YOUR LIFE!

LOLA, LETTING THINGS DROP IS AN OLD STORY WITH ME...SORT OF AN OCCUPATIONAL HAZARD! THE ONLY CERTAINTY IN MY LIFE IS DAYS OF BARGING AROUND IN NEW PLACES...DAYS OF DANGER AND GUSPENSE...AND MAYBE OCCASIONALLY...**A NIGHT LIKE THIS!**



ACE CARTER'S NEXT ADVENTURE FINDS HIM ENMESHED IN VIOLENCE AND INTRIGUE... IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

BULL-FIGHTING

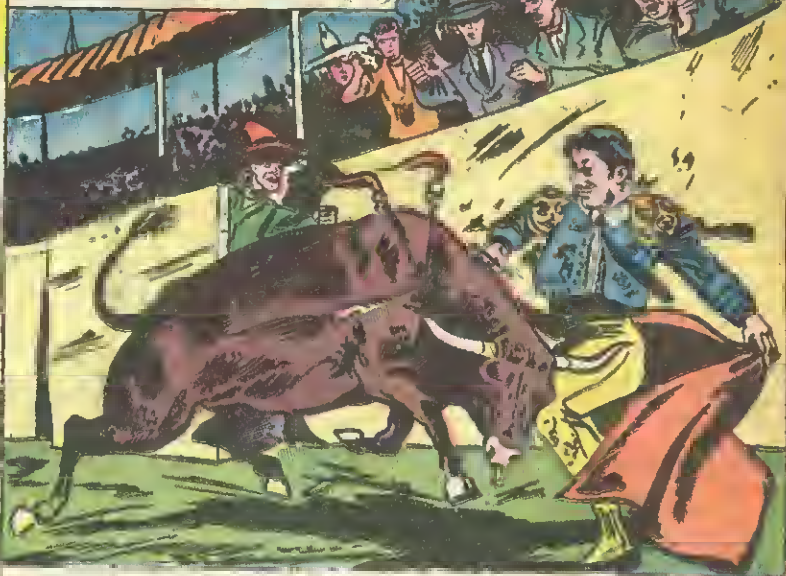
PERILS



THE FIGHTING BULL, THE TORO DE LIDIA, IS SPECIALLY BRED FOR COURAGE AND FEROCITY! EVEN A NEWBORN CALF WILL CHARGE A MAN ---AND WHEN FULL-GROWN, THE TORO DE LIDIA ADDS UP TO OVER A THOUSAND POUNDS OF MURDER ON THE HOOF!



BULL-FIGHTING IS ONE OF THE MOST EXCITING AND PERILOUS OF ALL SPORTS---FOR ONLY THE BRAVEST MEN AND BRAVEST BULLS EVER FACE EACH OTHER! THE SPECTACLE OF MAN AGAINST BRUTE FASCINATES MILLIONS---AND THE SPECTATOR KNOWS THAT AWAITING ONE OF THE OPPONENTS IS --- DEATH IN THE AFTERNOON!



THE TOREROS WHO FACE DEATH ALONE MUST GO THROUGH YEARS OF PAIN-TAKING PRACTICE IN THE INTRICATE POINTS OF THEIR ART BEFORE THEIR COURAGE IS FINALLY TESTED IN THE BULL-RING!



IT TAKES PLENTY OF RAW COURAGE TO STAND STILL WHILE A MADDENED BULL CHARGES STRAIGHT AT YOU---AND TO ENRAGE THE BULL EVEN FURTHER WHILE HIS POINTED HORNS PRACTICALLY GRAZE YOUR BODY!



OCCASIONALLY, OF COURSE, THE HORNS DO MORE THAN MERELY GRAZE A TORERO'S BODY ---AND MANY A PROFESSIONAL BULL-FIGHTER PROUDLY CARRIES THE SCARS OF A HORN-GORING---IF HE'S SURVIVED!



BUT IF YOUR COURAGE AND SKILL HAVE OUTMATCHED THE BULL'S, THEN YOU'LL HAVE TRIUMPHED OVER BRUTE FORCE---AND YOUR DISPLAY OF BRAVERY WILL HAVE EARNED YOU THE ENVIABLE TITLE OF MATADOR!



FLASH!

*You asked
for it...*

HERE IT IS!

FORBIDDEN WORLDS *Now* APPEARS MONTHLY!

That's right... America's great magazine of the Supernatural can now be bought **EACH MONTH** at your favorite newsstand! Which means that you can enjoy twice as many thrills from the nation's favorite thriller! You'll gasp at zombies, ghosts, werewolves, vampires—twice as much as ever before! Explore the eerie Supernatural in the greatest, most challenging stories ever written! For spine-tingling entertainment that's tops, read



FORBIDDEN WORLDS

The **MIRACLE
MONTHLY
MAGAZINE**

FOOT ITCH

ATHLETE'S FOOT



PAY NOTHING TILL RELIEVED *Send Coupon*

At least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form, and the skin cracks and peels. After a while, the itching becomes intense, and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

BEWARE OF IT SPREADING

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get relief from this disease as quickly as possible, because it is both contagious and infectious, and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.

DISEASE OFTEN MISUNDERSTOOD

The cause of the disease is not a germ as so many people think, but a vegetable growth that becomes lodged in and immediately beneath the outer tissue of the skin.

To obtain relief the medicine to be used should first, gently remove the horny outer layer of skin and kill the vegetable growth.

This growth is so hard to kill that a test shows it takes 15 minutes of boiling to destroy it; however, laboratory tests also show that H. F. will kill it upon contact in 15 seconds.

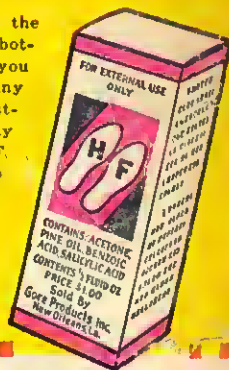
DOUBLE ACTION NEEDED

Recently H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of relieving Athlete's Foot. It gently removes the horny outer layer of the skin, killing the vegetable growth, in and immediately under the skin, upon contact. Both actions are necessary for prompt relief.

H. F. is a liquid that doesn't stain. You just paint the infected parts nightly before going to bed. Often the terrible itching is relieved at once.

H. F. SENT ON FREE TRIAL

Sign and mail the coupon, and a bottle of H. F. will be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money; don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help you, we know you will be glad to send us \$1 for the bottle at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Read, sign and mail the coupon today.



GORE PRODUCTS, Inc.
610 Girod St., New Orleans 12, La.

Please send me immediately a bottle of H. F. for foot trouble as described above. I agree to use it according to directions. If at the end of 10 days my feet are getting better, I will send you \$1. If I am not entirely satisfied, I will return the unused portion of the bottle to you within 15 days from the time I receive it.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____